

Scrofula Cured

Face and Head Covered with Sores, but Hood's Has Cured Them.

"My face and head were a mass of sores, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla these sores have all disappeared. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for scrofula." IDA A. WEAVER, Palermo, Ill.

Get only Hood's because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

A Wonder of Science.

There has been much interest in the German medical world over a new remedy for fever which has been announced to the faculty by a medical journal of Berlin, the Klinische Wochenschrift.

There is also interest outside the medical world at least in the name of the new remedy, which is as follows, and an entire paragraph is required to give it:

Dimethylamidophenildimethylpyrazolon.

One of the advantages of this medicine, at least to the pharmaceutical profession, is said to be that "if you spell the name a half-dozen times, you will need the medicine."

Left Destitute!

Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The toll scourge is, however, shorn of its thong in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its only sure preventive and remedy. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney complaints are also among the bodily afflictions which this beneficent medicine overcomes with certainty. Use it systematically.

How He Got Even.

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a torrent of vituperative epithets, while the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:

"Are you too?"
"Yes!"
"You ain't got nuffin more to say?"
"No."
"Well, all dem tings what you called me, you is."

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Couldn't Do It.

Mr. Figg—You should not have told Jimmy Briggs he was a liar.
Tommy—Yes, paw, but he was a liar.
"Probably. But you should have told him he was mistaken."
"And then I would have been a liar."
—Indianapolis Journal.

California?

If you're going to California, before making your arrangements, write for all information as to rates, etc. to H. C. Cheyney, General Agent, Sioux City, Iowa. One way or round trip tickets via any route.

Very Clever.

"I'll get the best of that confounded personal baggage clause."
"How?"
"If I want to bring over \$500 worth of new clothes I'll make five trips."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away and that dull ache was gone.—Mrs. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Coat.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for 100 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Freight Paid on orders of 2,000 yds. and selling Manila. Write for samples and prices to 247 Manila Road Co., Camden, N. J.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

into the ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
"There were somebody's pride, you know."
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him near;
Somebody waited his name above.
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away.
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"
—New York Ledger.

"WHO MAKETH ALL."

THE scholar sat in his study before his writing-table, but he did not write. He leaned his elbow on the table and his head on his hand, and he was thinking of Phyllis far away in Ral Pindi with her husband. The table was piled with books—several stood open invitingly—and a fair white sheet of paper lay on his blotting-pad—but he did not write.

Presently Jakes opened the door and said: "There's a young woman, sir, asking to see you; shall I say you're engaged?"

"A young woman, Jakes?" queried the scholar. "What sort of a woman, and from whence?"

"Well, sir," and Jakes closed the door behind him. "I do think she's from the circus as is on the village green."

"From the circus?" repeated the scholar. "What can she want?"

"She won't give no name nor yet no message, sir. Shall I say that you're engaged, sir?"

Jakes considered it the "height of impudence" that a hussy from the circus should dare to ask to see his master, and longed to send her about her business. Fine dogs, indeed, for such as she to be asking for gentlemen, as bold as brass!

The scholar pondered, then he said to himself: "Phyllis would like me to see her—she was always kind. Jakes, you can show her in."

Jakes departed, much displeased, and presently ushered a young woman into the room and shut the door after her carefully, and in a fashion that said as plainly as possible: "Well, I wash my hands of this foolhardy proceeding."

The young woman advanced into the middle of the room and then stood awkwardly and said nothing. She was a tall, slight girl, attired in a variety of garments, startling in hue, and having apparently no connection with one another. Her hair was brushed about her forehead and stuck out in a series of large "rolls" behind. The hair was crowned by a hat of portentous size adorned by several rather dejected-looking feathers. But under the furze-bush of hair the face was oval and almost beautiful in its regularity of feature and pure color.

The scholar rose and bowed, then with old-fashioned courtesy he set a chair for her, and having seen her seated, murmured something shyly as "to what he was indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

The girl stared at him with wide blue eyes, then said, abruptly: "I say, you're a knowin' old cove, aren't you?"

The scholar started a little at this description of himself, and waved his hands in deprecating wise. The girl went on: "I've 'eard in the village as you are always a-studyin' old books, and knowall sorts of heatenish lingo; now do you know 'ow to make a love poshin'?"

The scholar gazed at her in speechless astonishment, then he grasped the edge of his writing-table for support and stammered: "Do I understand you to ask me if I know anything about love philtres?"

"Yes, that's the ticket!" said the girl, genially. "I want a love poshin to give my young man. 'E's been and took up with Mad'selle Leonore, what does the trials of strength, and I want to bring 'im back to me. You give me the perskipion and I'll ask the gallop to make it up. I was sure as you'd know."

The scholar felt quite sorry for her when he realized the disappointment he was about to inflict, she smiled so prettily and looked so pleased. He shook his head, then he said gently: "I'm afraid I am quite unable to help you in this matter. I know nothing of such things, neither do I believe that they can have the smallest effect."

"But I thought you was always a-studyin' ancient days," said the girl in an argumentative voice, leaning forward in her chair. "Do think—Is some

of them old books" (waving her hand in the direction of the book-lined walls). "Ain't there something in some of them old books?"

"I fear not," said the scholar, almost sadly, she was so eager, so much in earnest. The girl drew herself up in her chair and said, abruptly:

"I'm a honest girl, I am."

"That I am sure you are, and therefore you need no love philtres. Believe me, you are quite pretty and good enough to inspire love, an honest love, without recourse to magic." The scholar spoke persuasively, his voice was very gentle and his manner courtly. The girl winked her wide blue eyes and made a little swallowing motion with her throat, then she coughed and continued:

"My father's brought us up strict, 'e 'ave. 'E don't 'old with swearin' for women; and if we was light 'e'd say the 'orse wip about our shoulders, 'e would. 'E's 'eown in our show, 'e is."

There was silence for a minute in the big library, then the scholar said gently: "Why do you want a 'love philter'?"

"Is the man you are engaged to fickle?"

"Well, 'e runs after Mad'selle Leonore, and I can't stand it, and I rates 'im, and 'e laughs at me, and I'm beastly miserable, I am!"

The girl's voice broke, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. The scholar was much distressed. He was a very learned man, and instructed in the best wisdom of many lands, but he had also studied diligently a book that it requires no great erudition to understand, but only what is quite as rare, a humble heart. A certain saying in that book which runs: "But thou hast mercy upon all, and winkest at the sins of men; because they should amend," came into his mind, and the trouble of this poor circus girl was very real to him. She wiped her eyes with a gayly-bordered pocket-handkerchief, and said:

"What would a lily do?"

The scholar pondered for a moment, then said diffidently, and with extreme shyness: "I think that she would not—show that she minded. That she would try to be always sweet and good-tempered and gracious, above all to Madam What's-her-name. Don't let him think himself so precious, my child. We all value what is hard to obtain. He's too sure of you or he wouldn't tease you. If you are wise, and if he is worth having—if he's worthy of you and of your good father, you'll find that all this nonsense will come to an end as a tale that is told."

It was a long speech for the scholar to make; he flushed a little as he made it, and the circus girl gazed at him admiringly, exclaiming:

"You are a knowin' old cove!"

The scholar shook his head and said humbly: "I fear I am ignorant in these matters. I have only known three women intimately in my life—my mother, my wife, and my daughter."

"Is that what your daughter did—the young lily as is just married?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know what she did," answered the scholar gently; and indeed it was true, for the engagement had come upon him as a bolt from the blue while he was thinking of Phyllis as still in pinafores.

"Was she very 'ard to please?" persisted the girl.

"Hah Phyllis been hard to please? the scholar asked himself. He did not know. It had not taken long to please her, anyhow; so he said: "I don't know if she was hard to please, but I know that whatever she did was right and sweet and womanly, and you can do all that yourself my dear."

"I wish I was a lily," sighed the circus girl; "but father says as one can be as good a girl in a troupe as if one was a scripture reader, 'e do. I see you're a sky pilot by yer choker. What do you say?"

"I quite agree with your father; he must be a most sensible man, and I wish I knew him. Believe me, a circus lady can be just as useful as any other if she will only try, and I am sure you'll try."

The girl rose from her seat, so did the scholar; she held out her hand to him and he took it, and the old man and the girl looked into each other's eyes.

"Good-bye," said the girl; "I'm glad I came, though you are so ignorant about love poshins!"

"I'm very glad you came," said the scholar heartily; "and, believe me, you need no 'love poshins,' you are quite charming enough without!" The girl flushed up to the roots of the furze-brush. Then the scholar said: "Would you like some roses?" The girl said: "Please, sir," in the shyest, smallest voice, and the scholar held the door open for her to pass out. Then he followed her across the hall and through the open front door. He took his pruning-knife from his pocket and he cut a great bunch of the roses that were famed throughout the county, then he walked down the drive with her, and at the lodge gate he bade her good-bye.

She started down the road, and then looking back and seeing him still standing at the gate, she ran back, saying breathlessly: "I wish you'd come and see me ride. I can jump through the 'oops beautiful, I can! I should like to show yer."

The scholar's eyes were very kind, but he shook his head, saying: "I'm getting an old man, my dear; I hardly ever go out at night."

"But there's a matinee—an afternoon show"—she explained, "this afternoon."

The scholar wavered, then the beseeching blue eyes caught his and held them. "Phyllis would like me to," he murmured; then—"I will come and see you ride this afternoon."

"I shall look out for you, mind," said the girl; "don't you forget!"

The scholar did not forget—he went!—Windsor Magazine.

Our idea of a good joke on a woman is a pair of twins.

RAILWAY NURSERIES.

Special Car for the Care of Fretful Children While Traveling.

Praise the railroad man who has invented the traveling nursery, all ye who have had journeys made hideous by wailing babies and fretful children. Through trains have added to their bath-rooms, libraries, smoking-rooms; and the like one more convenience—a room for the babies.

The traveling nursery takes up about as much room as a private state room. The walls are heavily padded and the floor thickly carpeted, so that the juvenile head need not indicate the miles passed by the bumps gained. Over the floor are fastened little stools and rocking chairs. At each end of the compartment, and firmly secured, are two cozy cots, on which the smaller children lie and watch the games of the older ones. Each car containing the nursery attachment will carry a matron or nurse, who will be selected with a special reference to her ability to amuse and care for her little charges, and she will have at her command supplies of milk, cookies and other edibles and drinkables dear to the infantile heart. She will also have charge of a medicine chest containing a full assortment of the simpler remedies for childhood ailments. A miniature toy shop is another adjunct of the traveling nursery, and it will contain everything from baby rattles to picture books and fairy tales.



SPECIAL CAR FOR CHILDREN.

ment of the simpler remedies for childhood ailments. A miniature toy shop is another adjunct of the traveling nursery, and it will contain everything from baby rattles to picture books and fairy tales.

NEW ADJUTANT GENERAL.

General Samuel Breck, Who Succeeds General Ruggles.

Gen. Samuel Breck, who has been appointed adjutant general of the army, to succeed Gen. Ruggles, has had a distinguished career. He has had forty-two years of service, and his new honor comes to him only a few months before his retirement by operation of law. Gen. Breck was born in Middleborough, Mass., Feb. 25, 1834. He was appointed



GEN. SAMUEL BRECK.

ed a cadet at the military academy July 1, 1851, and was graduated four years later and made second lieutenant of the First artillery. He joined his regiment at Fort Capron, Florida, and fought against the Seminoles. He served at Fort Moultrie, and in 1860 became principal assistant professor of geography, history and ethics at the military academy until the war broke out. He was assistant adjutant general of McDowell's division, Army of the Potomac, in the defenses of Washington. After active service in the field he was made assistant in the adjutant general's office in 1862. He was twice brevetted during the war, first as lieutenant colonel in 1864 and as colonel and brigadier general in 1865. From 1870 to 1876 he served as adjutant general of the division of the Pacific at San Francisco. He also served in the department of Dakota and the department of the Platte. He returned to Washington in 1880 to act as assistant to the adjutant general. He served as adjutant general of the department of the east from 1893 to 1895. When Gen. Miles was made commander of the army Gen. Breck was assigned to duty as adjutant general with headquarters of the army in the nation's capital.

Many Visited the Yellowstone.

The travel through Yellowstone National Park the past season has been unprecedented. From June 1 to August 20, 8,720 persons went through the park.

Corn as an Ornament.

Our American corn, which will not mature in Germany, is used in that country as a decorative plant. It is considered a beautiful object in the garden.

Some men make bluffs at hiding their light under a bushel, when a pint measure would answer the purpose just as well.

Never buy steak of a butcher who has a horseshoe nailed up over his door. It may be all right, but it's too suggestive.

Quien Sabe?

Quien Sabe? who knows—is a phrase in very common use among the Spaniards, and helps over many, many difficulties. It is expressive. What the weather may be the coming winter, who knows? It may be snowy, wet, stormy, cold, freezing, and full of sickness and pain, who knows? Some of us to-day, hale and hearty, may lie on beds of torture or hobble about on crutches, who knows? Before the autumn merges into winter many may have symptoms of approaching trouble. Of the old rheumatism coming on, or of first attacks begun; who knows? Who knows? That's a conundrum. But there is one thing everybody knows, the best thing to do is to be ready for the weather coming and to take hold of what is. Everybody knows what is best. With St. Jacobs Oil in the house, everybody knows they have a sure cure for rheumatism, acute or chronic. It is likewise known that in any stage of it the great remedy does its work of cure perfectly. If we suffer we need not ask who knows, when it is so well known what is best.

By struggling with misfortune we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.—Goldsmith.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Prospectus.

New resident—You say you wish to marry my daughter. What are your prospects?
Cow puncher—Well, old man, there's a prospect of your being lynched if you don't consent. The boys are outside with a rope.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

No man ever offended his own conscience, but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—South

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babler.—Steele.

How inexpensive, and yet how effective is the great substitute for sulphur baths, Allen's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

The same refinement that brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pains.

PITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 60c trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 351 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* on every bottle of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Pitcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

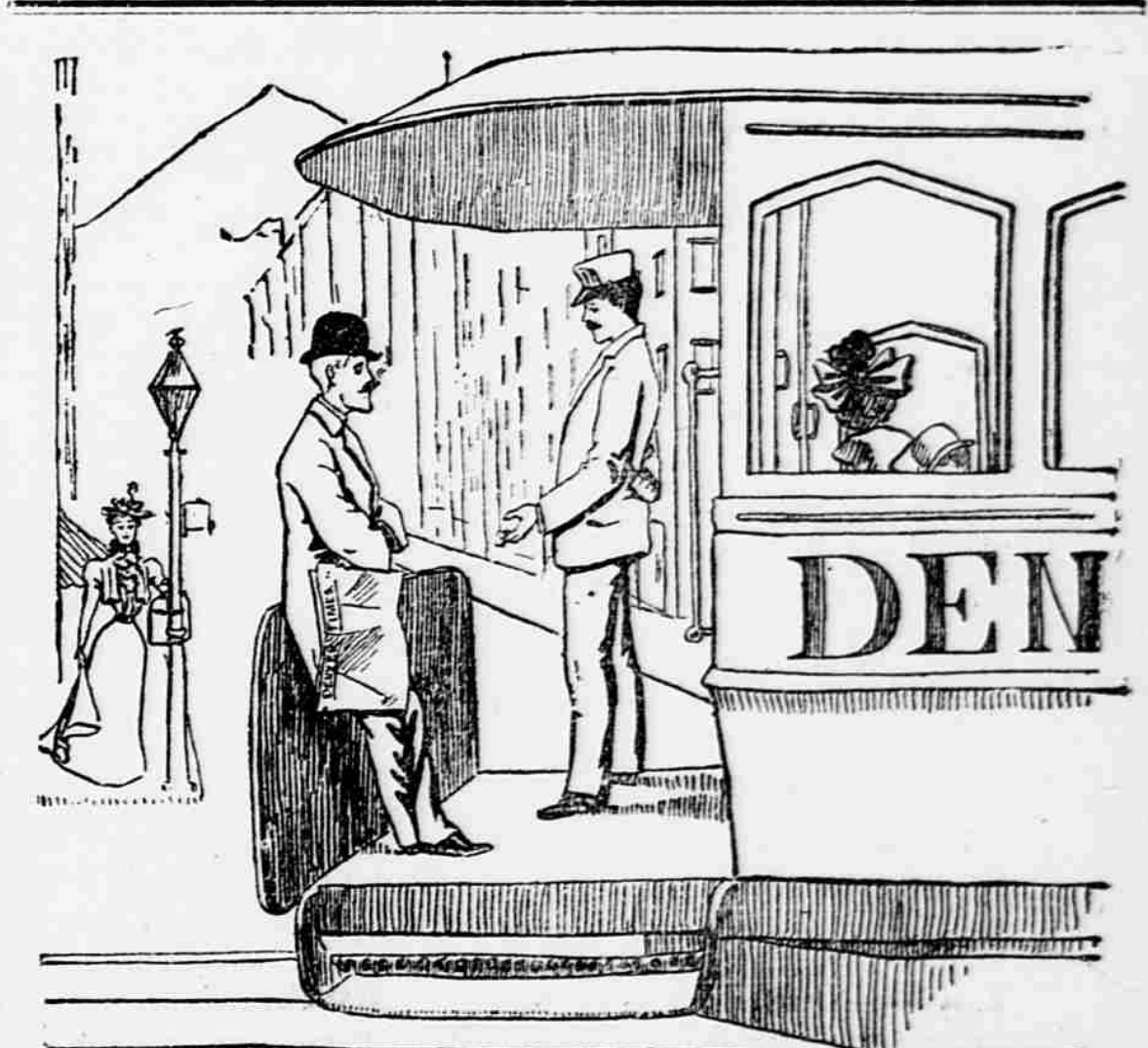
Chas. H. Pitcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

It Was Before the Day of SAPOLIO They Used to Say "Woman's Work Is Never Done."



His name is Williams. It was as conductor on the Denver cable line that I knew him. He was always complaining of some trouble or other with his stomach and bowels. He seemed to be either bilious or constipated all the time. In describing his condition he used the expression "out of whack." I remember it particularly because I had never heard it before but have often heard it since. Finally somebody recommended him to use Ripans Tablets and he told me that never in his life did anything do him so much good. Said he felt like a new man. He told me that his wife used them too; but what she took them for I don't remember.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPSAN TABLETS in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores. For FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (100 tablets) can be had by mail, by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPSAN CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 19 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents.

WE TRADE

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big 6 to: unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritation or ulceration of the mucous membrane, Painless, and not astringent. RIPSAN CHEMICAL CO. sent or poisonous.

Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

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S. C. N. U. 43-97

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

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